

See inside page for story of the interview of our correspondent with the father and chief adviser of the King of Corea.

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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"It was like a great wild dog, fierce yet kind, and I fed it with the fish."

TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

A SERIES OF NINE SHORT STORIES BY GILBERT PARKER.*

VIII.—LITTLE BABICHE.



O, no, monsieur the governor; they did not tell you right. I was with him, and I have known Little Babiche fifteen years—as long as I've known you. . . . It was against the time when down in your world there they have feastings, and in the churches the grand songs and many candles on the altars. Yes, Noël, that is the word—the day of the Great Birth. You shall hear how strange it all was—the thing, the time, the end of it."

The governor of the Hudson's Bay Company settled back in a chair, his powerful face seamed with years, his hair gray and thick still, his keen, steady eyes burning under the shaggy brows. He had himself spent long, solitary years in the wild fastnesses of the North,

strengthening the fibre of his soul and softening his heart, so that when he came down from the lodge-gate of the world into the warm chateau of busy life he feared nothing, but had his hand on the levers of success like iron, and yet emptied out his heart in kindness to all poor wayfarers.

Now governor, couriers, traders, and factors who had known him, or who had not, brought him their earnings and made him their banker and broker; for was he not to them just John Fawdor, who had been a factor up in Labrador for twenty years? And they knew that John Fawdor loved such men as Little Babiche. Here he fastened his warm, dark eyes on Pierre, and said: "Monsieur Pierre, I shall be glad to hear. It was at the time of Noël—yes?"

Pierre began: "You have seen it beautiful and cold in the North, but never so cold and beautiful as it was last year. The world was white with sun and ice, the frost never melting, the

sun never warming—just a glitter, so lovely, so deadly. But if only you could keep the heart warm you were not afraid. But if once—just for a moment—the blood ran out from the heart and did not come in again, the frost clamped the doors shut, and there was an end of all. Ah, monsieur, when the North clinches a man's heart in anger there is no pain like it—for a moment."

"Yes, yes; and Little Babiche?"

"For ten years he carried the mails along the route of Fort St. Mary, Fort o' Glory, Fort St. Saviour, and Fort Perseverance within the circle—just one mail once a year, but that was enough. There he was with his Esquimaux dogs on the trail, going and coming, with a laugh and a word for any one that crossed his track. 'Good-day, Babiche.' 'Good-day, monsieur.' 'How do you do, Babiche?' 'Well, thank the

(Continued on page 328.)

* Copies of LESLIE'S WEEKLY containing the stories of this series already published can be had by addressing this office.

CONAN DOYLE'S LATEST AND BEST STORY.

The first installment of DR. A. CONAN DOYLE'S latest story, entitled

"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS,"

will appear in LESLIE'S WEEKLY for December 13th (our Christmas edition).

Our next issue will contain "At Point o' Bagles," the last of MR. GILBERT PARKER'S series of nine stories written expressly for this paper. The titles of the stories already published are as follows:

- "The Lake of the Great Slave."
- "The House with the Broken Shutter."
- "Malachi."
- "The Gift of the Simple King."
- "The Red Patrol."
- "A Romany of the Snows."
- "The Baron of Beaupard."
- "Little Babiche."

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The Work of the Future.



HERE has been no more magnificent vindication of popular institutions, no more majestic assertion of the democratic spirit, since the close of the Civil War than is afforded in the result of the recent election in this city and State.

At no time in our history has popular government been menaced by greater dangers than have threatened it under the Democratic régime of the last decade. In the name of party men have committed every conceivable

able crime, polluting the ballot-box, strangling the people, perverting law, defying courts, prostituting power to the debauchery of innocence, giving free rein to licentiousness and vice of every form and sort. There was nothing clean or sweet that the lords of misrule did not pollute by their foul and loathsome touch. And so strongly entrenched were they in the prejudices and venality of the low and base that their overthrow seemed impossible; even the most courageous discouraged, for the most part, any attempt to dislodge them from the places they defiled. But men forgot that behind all the complaisance and apathy of communities long outraged there is the reserve potency of individual conscience, and that sooner or later this asserts itself with an emphasis and force which nothing can resist. This, precisely, is what has happened. The people, appealed to on moral lines, have shown that they are equal to any emergency, however crucial or desperate; that honest government counts for more, in their estimation, than partisan advantage; that, once awakened to a sense of their peril, they can be as pitiless as death itself toward their oppressors.

The meaning of this result is obvious. The harlequins and desperadoes of politics have had their day in this Empire State. They have gorged and fattened themselves upon public plunder; now they will learn what starvation means. They have ridden roughshod over the people; now they will know what it is to writhe under the people's curse.

The citizenship of the city and State has done its duty. Now it remains for those who have been elevated to authority to carry out with absolute fidelity the engagements into which they have entered. The State administration must measure up to the highest standard of purity and efficiency. It must hold itself aloof from all disreputable alliances. It must resent all attempts at dictation

from without. Legislation must be in the interest of the people and not of party. It must respect the moral forces which have contributed so largely to the recent upheaval. In this city the demand for reform must be recognized in all its breadth and scope. There must be no juggling, trafficking, higgling or haggling about the performance of pledges. And the work entered upon must be carried to completion on a non-partisan basis. Undoubtedly Republican bosses and politicians, intent upon their own aggrandizement, will seek to turn this victory to partisan account. They must be baffled in every such attempt. There is no room in municipal affairs for purely partisan administration; least of all can such a thing be justified under existing circumstances. The triumph of decency and civic righteousness is as much the result of Democratic as of Republican votes. All the beneficent results of this triumph will be imperiled by a failure to recognize this fact.

Happily, the mayor-elect realizes fully the responsibilities which are devolved upon him. He understands that the real work of reform is yet to be accomplished. In a few stirring words, addressed to his friends on the night of election, he said: "The work is to be done in the future. It is necessary that we carry out the ideas and platform of this Committee of Seventy to the letter, and hew close to the line. And, by God's help, gentlemen, and yours, if I am spared, I will do all I can to carry it out to the letter." These are timely and honest words. They breathe the spirit which should dominate every friend of genuine reform. We may lift this metropolis, if we will, to a pinnacle of influence and renown, as an object-lesson in popular government, which it has never yet occupied. It will be a reproach and a crime if we, for any reason, permit so grand an opportunity to be lost.

An Interesting Art Exhibition.



N admirable opportunity for comparisons of the methods and manners of artists of different countries, and judgment as to the general results achieved by individuals and by schools, is afforded by the loan exhibition of the portraits of women at the National Academy of Design.

Portrait-painting was a fine art in the highest sense in

the second half of the last century in England, and the mother country had in Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Romney, artists whose work easily eclipses all that has since been done there. In this collection are representative portraits by each of these great men, of whom Romney was probably the greatest, though he was not so esteemed during his life. Side by side with the work of these great Englishmen are portraits painted by Americans of the same era. It is interesting and gratifying to note that the work of these early Americans does not suffer by the company in which it is placed. Gilbert Stuart, Ingham, Peale, Copley, Sully, and some others of their contemporaries, were unquestionably masters of the art of portraiture, and their pictures have lasting qualities which defy time and the changes of fashion. At this time, therefore, there were great artists both in England and in America, artists whose work will always be considered great. After this era, made by those mentioned and their contemporaries, in the great material development in this country and the extension of the commerce of England, art was to an extent neglected in both countries, and the painters who flourished did work which would not have been tolerated at an earlier time, and which to-day seems pitiful to us. In England this poverty of artistic accomplishment seems to have continued, but in this country, beginning with twenty years or so ago, we have gone steadily ahead, so that our portrait painters of to-day are as good as ever existed, and equal in every respect to the best masters of the dominant French school.

Many American observers know this, but very many who ought to know it do not. But they may here learn that there is no necessity to go over the seas to sit for a portrait that would be at once satisfying and distinguished, and there is even less sense in showering commissions on the itinerant foreigners who bring European reputations with which to win American dollars. This is no plea for the protection of American art by law or even by patriotism. American art needs no other protection than that of American sense. The only difference in the value of a photograph and that of a painted portrait is, that behind the brush of the painter is the intelligence of the man. Now, if the portrait painter have not an intelligent understanding of his subject his portrait is worth precious little. The foreigner, whether he be English, French, German, or Dutch, cannot understand American human nature as an American understands it, and as for American womanhood, that baffles him utterly. It therefore comes about that the Frenchmen are apt to give to American women an animalism foreign to their nature; the English make them stolid, and the Dutch—see Hubert Vas's portrait of Mrs. Barney—make them seem theatrial and lacking in repose. No American portrait painter of the first class would make blunders of this sort. They know American women too well and respect them too highly, and therefore a portrait

of an American woman by John S. Sargent or William M. Chase is a much more valuable possession in an American family than one signed by either Carolus Duran or Léon Bonnat. And as for Sir John E. Millais, who gets ten thousand dollars for every portrait he paints, to use an expressive slang expression, he "is not in it." His one specimen in this collection, a portrait of Miss Vanderbilt, is very like an old piece of leather, and not a good piece of leather at that.

The nine portraits by Sargent, if that were needed, would fix him among the great modern masters of portraiture. There are no better portraits than his in the collection; there are none better in the world. Some of them have been seen in previous exhibitions; all of them are well worth seeing over and over again. His portrait of Mrs. Frank Millet, though more sketchy than is usual with him—and he never appears to labor over details—is a most charming work, and the visitor is apt to return to it time and again for the pleasure afforded by a wonderfully beautiful face delineated by a master hand. It is not going too far to say that none other than he could have done this.

Mr. Chase has seven canvases in the collection, and the view of them and the comparison of them with other portraits that hang with them is most gratifying. American art owes to Chase a very great debt. He has in his own painting, by his example and by his teaching, done more to elevate art to a high plane and always to raise the standard by which it is judged, than any half-dozen of his contemporaries. With a rare gift in the technique of his art, with an enthusiasm always young and fresh, and with an industry which never flags, he has given to his profession and his professional work always the very best that he had to give. Even though with his portraits he only succeeded tolerably well, his place in the world of art would be notable, but he succeeds in all that he undertakes with a brilliancy which is scarcely less than marvelous.

Every one who visits the exhibition will be interested to see the solitary example from the brush of the inimitable and irrepressible Whistler. It is a portrait of a lady in a riding-habit, and it is most admirably done. Notwithstanding the excellence of the painting, expectation is sadly disappointed, for the work is much more conventional than many other canvases on the same wall—Mr. Dewing's portraits, for instance.

The exhibition will remain open until the 24th instant, and it should be visited by all who are capable of enjoying, or desirous of studying, a really fine collection of the works of artists of the past and the present.

The People and Protection.



HERE can be no mistake as to the popular feeling touching the Democratic war upon our domestic industries. The Wilson tariff law is a direct assault upon the principle of protection. Its effect has been, and will be, to embarrass American capital and injure American labor. But, mischievous as it is, its passage was merely the opening skirmish of the campaign which the Democracy proposed to carry through—the entering wedge to legislation still more disastrous. The tariff fight, we have been told ever since Congress adjourned, was to go on. Mr. Cleveland so declared; Mr. Wilson emphasized the declaration; Mr. Vilas reiterated it, affirming that the war must be pushed to the gates; that the citadel of protection must be taken and demolished at whatever cost. No matter how disastrously the agitation might affect the business of the country; no matter how much capital might be harassed and labor depressed, the fight against existing conditions must be continued. This was the audacious challenge of the Democratic leaders, sounded from every platform and proclaimed in all the free-trade organs of the party.

The answer which the people have made to that challenge is known of all. It is unmistakable, conclusive, overwhelming. In every Northern State the party which thus menaced the stability of economic and industrial conditions has been repudiated. Every Northern Democrat who served on the Ways and Means Committee which framed the Wilson bill has been defeated. Mr. Wilson himself is beaten by two thousand in a district which he carried two years ago by a decisive majority. Every Republican member of that committee who opposed the bill in question (except Mr. Gear, who goes to the Senate,) has, on the contrary, been re-elected. Every Democratic Representative who, like Tom L. Johnson of Ohio, made his free-trade record a distinctive issue, went to the wall. Holman, Springer, and Bynum perished in the storm. The House which passed the bill, and in which the Democrats had a plurality of ninety-three, has been succeeded by a House which has a Republican plurality of one hundred and thirty-four. Everywhere in the populous industrial States the party of protection has made unprecedented gains. Twenty-one States send solid Republican delegations to Congress, while only seven State delegations are Democratic.

How will the clamorous tariff-reformers meet this verdict of the people—this condemnation of their policy of hostility to American interests? Will they persist in their

agitation, as they have threatened? Will they undertake, in the little time that remains to them in the present Congress, further tinkering with the tariff system? Or will they bow to the popular will and desist from the mad and desperate course which has brought upon them the vengeance of the people? Whatever they may do, this at least is certain: the American people are loyal to the protective principle, and it is safe for long years to come, as the basis of an essential, coherent policy, alike against conspiracies from foes without and the attacks of foes within.

No Longer a Solid South.

THE inevitable has come at last. The solid South is broken. North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and West Virginia have broken loose from the Democratic column and ranked themselves on the side of toleration and the principles of progress. Henceforth it will be possible, in these and other States, for men to vote their convictions without fear of intimidation or disfranchisement. It will no longer be possible for an arrogant partisan oligarchy to perpetuate itself, to the detriment of the public interests, by chicanery and fraud and appeals to prejudice and resentments unworthy of a free people.

We rejoice in this result, not merely because it will contribute ultimately to Republican advantage, but because, primarily, it is an enormous gain for the cause of good government. We have never looked at the Southern question, so called, as a question of partisan politics. It was, and is now, first of all, a question of the rights of citizenship—of the right of every man to use the elective franchise for the expression of his honest individual convictions, without molestation or hindrance. Until that right was assured, representative government at the South was impossible; elections were bald travesties and shams; the will of the people, which is the basis of our democratic system, found no expression. The destruction of this despotism was the first necessary step in the process of Southern regeneration and the proper utilization of Southern resources and opportunities. Our satisfaction in the contemplation of the result now achieved is chiefly that it assures to the South itself a new and grander era of prosperity, based upon the personal enjoyment by every citizen of his highest civic rights.

The extent to which the Republican party will be benefited by this disintegration of the solid South will depend upon its policies and its sagacity in the use of opportunities. If these policies are national in spirit and scope; if they are adjusted to existing conditions and their obvious demands; if on purely local concerns they appeal to the intelligence and honestly consult the best interests of the people, they will inevitably make their way and become, finally, dominant. If, on the other hand, the party seeks only partisan advantage and frames its policy with reference to other than broadly patriotic ideals, it cannot hope to make any substantial progress. In the past, Republican leadership in some of the Southern States has been alike incompetent and unwise; if we are now to realize the full benefit of the new conditions men of the highest equipment in point of character and intelligence must everywhere be called to the front, and the best impulses of the party must find recognition and embodiment in all its authoritative action.

Pure Drinking Water.



PAPER on the impurities of the water supply of cities, read by Professor Vaughan, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, at the recent International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, held at Buda-Pesth, embodies some suggestions which are well worthy of attention. Professor Vaughan gives it as his opinion that weekly, and in some seasons daily, bacteriological examinations of public water supplies should be made, arguing that harmful germs might thus be detected before they become sufficiently numerous to cause an epidemic, and dangers to the public health be thus averted. In the Michigan State Laboratory white rats are employed in ascertaining the purity or otherwise of water in common use. The water is placed on gelatine plates, and some of it is put in beef-tea tubes. The rat is inoculated with the latter, and if it dies comparisons are made between the original plate and those made with the spleen, etc., of the dead rat. Many germs are found in water that will not grow at the temperature of the human body, and such water, though malodorous and unpleasant, does not produce disease. Of the germs that grow at thirty-eight degrees C. and higher temperatures, some are fatal to animals and others are not, so that they can be readily classified as toxic and non-toxic germs. Some of the former produce the same symptoms and the same post-mortem appearances in animals as are observed after the similar employment of Eberth's germ. They live and multiply in the animal body, and waters containing such germs have always been condemned.

Professor Ballo, of Buda-Pesth, following up the line of thought advanced by Professor Vaughan, insisted upon a constant control of the water-works in towns and cities in a chemical and bacteriological direction, dwelling also upon the importance of clearing the water-pipes at regular intervals. In this connection he urged that the water standing

in the pipes of private houses should be wholly drawn off before any is taken for use. There is nothing more important or essential to health than pure and wholesome water, and every suggestion looking to the education of the public as to this necessity, and to the application of enlightened municipal oversight of the sources of supply, is to be welcomed as a public benefaction.

The Result in Colorado.



THE overwhelming defeat of the "blood-to-the-bridles" Populist Governor of Colorado, in his appeal to the people for re-election, was one of the most gratifying incidents of the recent campaign. It shows that the people of that State have come to their senses, and that they do not propose to be any longer disgraced in the eyes of the nation by the antics of an executive whose whole administration has antagonized the public order. The Governor-elect, Albert W. McIntire, is a prosperous ranchman of the San Luis valley, who, although a graduate of Yale College, an accomplished lawyer, and withal a scholarly gentleman, has never actively participated in politics, preferring the more tranquil life of a farmer. He is forty-one years of age, and a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He has been a resident of Colorado since 1876, and has taken a conspicuous part in the adjudication of the water rights of the great San Luis valley in the southern part of the State—a matter of paramount importance to the residents of that section, the prosperity of which is dependent largely upon irrigation. Both physically and intellectually Judge McIntire is a representative type of Western manhood, and he will undoubtedly recover for the State the prestige it has lost under Governor Waite.

Not the least interesting feature of the Colorado campaign this year was the participation of the recently enfranchised women of the State, who entered into the contest with all the enthusiasm and earnestness of experienced voters. Evidently the woman politician has come to Colorado to stay, and there is every indication that her influence will be felt in the purification and rejuvenation of State politics.

There were three women candidates for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. All were ladies of prominence and acknowledged capacity. Mrs. A. J. Peavey, the Republican and successful candidate, is a soldier's widow, and a lady of fine culture, possessing remarkable strength of character and endowed with executive ability of a high order. She has been active in the organization of women's Republican clubs throughout the State.

WHAT'S GOING ON

THE letter, which appears on another page, of our special correspondent with the Japanese army now operating against the Chinese, will be found of special interest, especially in what it says concerning the reforms now being introduced in Corea by the Japanese commission. It will be observed that these reforms, which look to the amelioration of the hard conditions under which the Coreans have been living, recognize the representative principle as to some departments of the public service, and whatever else may come of the present war, this result is not likely to be disturbed. With the autonomy of Corea as an independent State practically assured, so far as Japan and China are concerned, and the right of the people to a voice in local concerns, it would seem that there should be an end to the external complications and the domestic disorders which have so long arrested the development of the hermit nation.

THE Committee of Seventy has decided to maintain a permanent organization for the purpose of effective co-operation in the work of reform which is yet to be consummated in this metropolis. It will, as its first duty, employ its resources to secure the removal and punishment of all officials who have been unfaithful and inefficient in the performance of their duties, and will then use its influence to procure the enactment of laws which will assure an honest, economical, and non-partisan municipal government. There can be no question as to the popular approval of this decision of the seventy to prosecute the gang of plunderers who have so long and audaciously defied the public will and made popular government in this metropolis the most pitiful of mockeries. Not only must these buccaners be brought to book, but such legislation must be had as will make it impossible for persons of their stamp and quality ever again to establish themselves permanently in power.

CHINA is represented as having asked the intervention of the Powers to secure a cessation of the present struggle with Japan. It will strike most observers that the proper party to approach with a request of this sort is the Japanese government, which has been compelled, in the interests of civilization and for the maintenance of her own rights, to prosecute the war. So far there is nothing whatever to

justify the interference of the Powers of Europe. The war is being conducted on the part of the Japanese with the strictest regard to the rights of other nations; their policy has been throughout one of humane moderation, and any attempt from without to hamper their action, so long as China persists in armed resistance to their just demands, would be wholly indefensible, and should be indignantly resented. Asiatic progress is much more likely to be promoted by letting events take their course than by an arbitrary manipulation of them by governments supremely intent on their own aggrandizement.

THE Union League of this city has honored itself in making Rev. Dr. Parkhurst one of its honorary members—a distinction enjoyed only by Abraham Lincoln, General Grant and Sherman, and a few other distinguished worthies. Dr. Parkhurst is the one man who, before and above all others, is entitled to the credit of the victory over Tammany. When he started in his crusade three years ago he stood practically alone; even the pulpit criticised, where it did not sneer at, his course, and a man of less robust courage, finding himself in such case, faced by the most perfectly disciplined partisan organization in the country, would have withdrawn from the field in despair. But he believed in the power of the moral forces; he was conscious of the justice of his cause; he was confident, moreover, that in assailing a system rather than individuals he must finally enlist public sympathy, and so he held on his way, spite of abuse, ridicule, indifference, and misconception, until he had won to his side every influential newspaper, the pulpit, the Bar, the entire business community. But for him the overthrow of Tammany, humanly speaking, would not have been possible, and now that this great result has been achieved, it would be the basest ingratitude if the people should minimize or forget the immense service he has rendered. The *World* has proposed that he be tendered a public testimonial, and if he should be willing to accept such a tribute there can be no doubt that men of all classes would eagerly contribute to it.

NEARLY all of the conspicuous figures of the Civil War, Federal and Confederate, have passed on to join the majority. One can count on his fingers the names of those now living who earned real distinction as commanders of armies or corps. Of those who survive, perhaps General O. O. Howard is, everything considered, the most distinguished. Instructor of mathematics at West Point when Sumter was fired upon, he at once enlisted in the Union service, and from the very first held a prominent place among the sturdiest and most successful fighters of the war. Rising from one position to another, he came finally to share the councils of Grant, Sherman, and the foremost captains, and when the war ended, no man who had faced its perils or helped to bring it to a successful conclusion enjoyed more largely the popular confidence and admiration. Later on he rendered important service in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau and in the Indian campaigns of the West, and still later was commander of the departments of the Platte and the Pacific, and of the East. Outside of his professional relations he has been conspicuous in connection with religious and reformatory enterprises, and has, perhaps, addressed a greater number of public assemblies upon distinctively moral subjects than any military man of his time. On the 8th instant, having reached the age limit of sixty-four years, he was relieved of his command and retired from the service which he has done so much to elevate and honor. He will carry with him in his retirement the good wishes of all who have watched and appreciated his singularly upright and useful career.

GENERAL HASTINGS, the Governor-elect of Pennsylvania, has instituted a suit for libel against a Democratic lawyer who, during the recent campaign, charged him with a dishonest use of the funds contributed for the relief of the sufferers by the Johnstown flood. General Hastings, it may be remembered, was treasurer of the fund, and gave his services for a considerable period to the work of its distribution, discharging his trust with an efficiency and wisdom which challenged the approval of the entire community. Under the circumstances the charge brought against him for campaign purposes was peculiarly atrocious. It was pure calumny, instigated by a malignity almost devilish. In determining to bring the offender to deserved punishment General Hastings has set an example which should be copied by all who suffer from like mendacious attacks. The campaign liar has been so long looked upon complacently, and permitted to asperse the character of candidates and public men without let or hindrance, that his occupation has almost become an integral part of our partisan activities, and if the abuse is not checked every man's reputation will soon be at the mercy of any dastard who fancies that he can help his party by assailing it. There was a good deal of this sort of personal calumny in the recent canvass in this city, when men of the highest character, who happened to be conspicuous in urging the work of reform, were subjected, from low, partisan motives, to infamous and unfounded imputations. Every one of these victims of slanderous malice should take a hint from General Hastings, and in the interest of public morals, as well as for their own vindication, institute proceedings looking to the punishment of their unscrupulous assailants.

SILAS A. HOLCOMB, DEMOCRAT,
NEBRASKA.



D. H. HASTINGS, REPUBLICAN, PENNSYLVANIA.



E. N. MORRILL, REPUBLICAN, KANSAS.



ALBERT W. MCINTIRE, REPUBLICAN, COLORADO.



JOSEPH H. BUDD, DEMOCRAT,
CALIFORNIA.



JOHN T. RICH, REPUBLICAN, MICHIGAN.



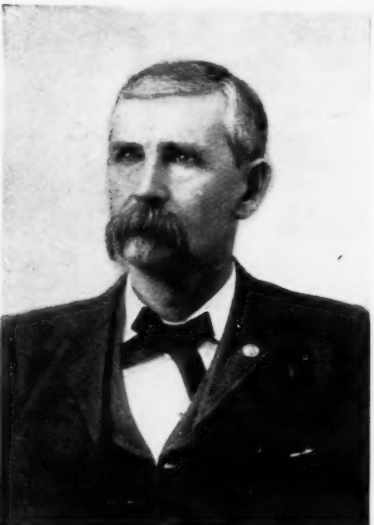
C. A. CULBERTSON, DEMOCRAT, TEXAS.



L. P. MORTON, REPUBLICAN, NEW YORK.



CHARLES A. BUSIEL, REPUBLICAN, NEW
HAMPSHIRE.



C. H. SHELDON, REPUBLICAN, SOUTH DAKOTA.



JOHN GARY EVANS, POPULIST, SOUTH
CAROLINA.



KNUTE NELSON, REPUBLICAN, MINNESOTA.



O. VINCENT COFFIN, REPUBLICAN, CONNECTICUT.



WILLIAM J. MCCONNELL, REPUBLICAN, IDAHO.



J. G. JONES, SILVERITE, NEVADA.



JOSHUA H. MARVIL, REPUBLICAN, DELAWARE.



H. CLAY EVANS, REPUBLICAN, TENNESSEE.

THE RECENT POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

PORTRAITS OF THE GOVERNORS-ELECT IN SEVENTEEN STATES OF THE UNION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



ROBERT J., KING OF PACERS—RECORD, 2 MINUTES, 1½ SECONDS, "RED" GEERS IN SEAT.



FANTASY, CHAMPION FOUR-YEAR-OLD TROTTER—RECORD, 2 MINUTES, 6 SECONDS.



JOHN R. GENTRY, PACER—RECORD, 2 MINUTES, 2¾ SECONDS—M. E. MCHEMRY IN SEAT.



ALIX, QUEEN OF THE TROTTING TURF—RECORD, 2 MINUTES, 2¾ SECONDS.

THE TROTTING AND PACING CHAMPIONS OF THE RACING SEASON OF 1894.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT AND MAWDSLEY.—[SEE PAGE 332.]



COACH WOODRUFF TEACHING THE PENNSYLVANIA TEAM THEIR NEW INTERFERENCE.



OSGOOD AND WHARTON, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, HALF-BACK AND GUARD.



THE PENNSYLVANIA TEAM IN CONSULTATION BEFORE THE GAME.

THE GREAT FOOT-BALL GAME BETWEEN THE PRINCETON AND UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA TEAMS AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, NOVEMBER 10TH, WON BY THE LATTER, 12 TO 0.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 333.]

Little Babiche.

(Continued from first page.)

Lord, monsieur. 'Where to and where from, Babiche?' 'To the Great Fort by the old trail, from the Far-off River, monsieur.' 'Come safe along, Babiche?' 'Merci! monsieur; the good God travels North, monsieur.' 'Adieu, Babiche.' 'Adieu, monsieur.' That is about the heart of the thing, year after year. Sometimes a night at a hut or a post, but mostly alone—alone, except for the dogs. He slept with them, and they slept on the mails—to guard. As if there should be highwaymen on the Prairie of the Ten Stars! But no, it was his way, monsieur. Now and again I crossed him on the trail, for have I not traveled to every corner of the North? We were not so great friends, for—well, Babiche is a man who says his *aves*, and never was a loafer, and there was no reason why he should have love for Pretty Pierre; but we were good company when we met. I knew him when he was a boy down on the Chaudiere, and I knew also that he had a heart like a lion—and a woman. I had seen him fight, I had seen him suffer cold, and I had heard him sing.

"Well, I was up last fall to Fort St. Saviour. Ho, how dull was it! Macgregor, the trader there, has brains like rubber. So I said, I will go down to Fort o' Glory. I knew some one would be there—it is nearer the world. So I started away with four dogs and plenty of jerked buffalo, and so much brown brandy as Macgregor could squeeze out of his eye! Never, never was there such days—the frost shaking like steel and silver as it powdered the sunlight, the white level of snow lifting and falling, and falling and lifting, the sky so great a travel away, the air which made you cry out with pain one minute and gave you joy the next. And all so wild, so lonely. Yet I have seen hanging in those plains cities all blue and red, with millions of lights showing, and voices, voices everywhere, like the singing of soft Masses. After a time in that cold up there you are no longer yourself—no. You move in a dream.

"*Eh bien*, monsieur, there came, I thought, a dream to me one evening—well, perhaps one afternoon, for the days were short—so short; the sun just coming over a little bend of sky and sinking down like a big orange ball. I came out of a tumble of little hills, and there, over on the plains, I saw a sight! Ragged hills of ice were thrown up, as if they'd been heaved out by the breaking earth, jutting here and there like wedges—like the teeth of a world. Something red and blue had got into the air, and if you half shut your eyes it was all a strange purple that made you shiver. *Alors*, on one crag, shaped as an anvil, I saw what struck me like a blow, and I felt the blood shoot out of my heart and leave it dry. I was for a minute like a pump with no water in its throat to work the piston and fetch the steam up. I went sick and numb. There on that anvil of snow and ice I saw a big white bear, one such as you shall see within the Arctic Circle, his long nose fetching out toward that bleeding sun in the sky, his white coat shining. But that was not the thing—there was another. At the feet of the bear was a body, and one clawed foot was on that body—of a man. So clear was the air, the red sun shining on the face as it was turned toward me, that I wonder I did not at once know whose it was. You cannot think, monsieur, what that was like—no. But all at once I remembered the chant of the Scarlet Hunter. I spoke it quick, and the blood came creeping back in here." He tapped his chest with his slight forefinger.

"What was the chant?" asked the governor, who had scarce stirred a muscle since the tale began.

Pierre made a little gesture of deprecation.

"Ah, it is perhaps a thing of foolishness, as you may think—"

"No, no. I have heard and seen also in my day," urged the governor.

"So? Good. Yes, I remember, you told me years ago, monsieur."

"The blinding Trail and Night and Cold are man's: mine is the trail that finds the Ancient Lodge. Morning and night they travel with me; my camp is set by the pines, its fires are burning—are burning. The lost, they shall sit by my fires, and the fearful ones shall seek, and the sick shall abide. I am the Hunter, the Son of the North; I am thy lover where no man may love thee. With me thou shalt journey, and thine the Safe Tent."

"As I said, the blood came back to my heart. I turned to my dogs and gave them a cut with the whip to see if I dreamed. They sat back and snarled, and their wild red eyes, the same as mine, kept looking at the bear and the quiet man on the anvil of ice and snow. Tell me, can you think of anything like it?—the strange light, the white bear of the Pole, that has no

friends at all except the shooting stars, the great ice plains, the quick night hurrying on, the silence—such silence as no man can think! I stole over the plain, the dogs running on and looking up at the bear, like me, with a kind of fear. I have seen trouble flying at me in a hundred ways, but this was different—yes. We came to the foot of the little hill. Still the bear not stir. As I went up, feeling for my knives and my gun, the dogs began to snarl with anger, and for one little step I shivered, for the thing seem not natural. I was about two hundred feet away from the bear when it turn slow at me, lifting its foot from the body. The dogs all at once came huddling about me, and I drop on my knee to take aim, but the bear stole away from the man and come moving down past us at an angle, making for the plain. I could see his deep shining eyes, and the steam roll from his nose in long puffs. Very slow and heavy, like as if he see no one and care for no one, he come shambling down, and in a minute was pass behind a boulder. I ran on to the man—"

The governor was leaning forward, looking intently, and said now, "It's like a wild dream—but the North! the North! The North is near to the Strangest of All!"

"I knelt down and lift him up in my arms, all a great bundle of furs and wool, and I got my hand at last to his wrist. He was alive. It was Little Babiche! Part of his face was frozen stiff. I rubbed out the frost with snow, and then I force some brandy into his mouth—good old H. B. C. brandy—and began to call to him, 'Babiche! Babiche! Come back, Babiche! The wolf's at the pot, Babiche!' That's the way to call a hunter to his share of meat. I was afraid, for the sleep of cold is the sleep of death, and it is hard to call the mind back to this world. But I call, and keep calling, and got him on his feet with my arm round him. I give him more brandy; and at last I almost shriek in his ear. Little by little I saw his face take on the look of waking life. It was like the dawn creeping over white hills and spreading into day. I said to myself, 'What a thing it will be if I can fetch him back!' For I never knew one to come back after the sleep had settled on them. It is too comfortable—all pain gone, all trouble, the world forgot, just a kind weight in all the body, as you go sinking down, down to the valley, where the long hands of old comrades beckon to you, and their soft, high voices cry, 'Hello! hello-o-o-o!'"

Pierre paused again, nodding his head toward the distance, which only the eye of the mind can see, and a musing smile divided his lips on his white teeth. Presently he folded a cigarette, and went on:

"I had save something to the last, as the great test, as the one thing open his eyes wide, if they could be opened at all. *Alors*, there was no time to lose, for the wolf of night was driving the red glow-worm down behind the world, and I knew that when darkness come altogether—darkness and night—there would be no help for him. *Mon Dieu!* how one sleeps in the night of the North, in the beautiful wide silence! . . . So, monsieur, just when I thought it was the time, I called, 'Corinne! Corinne!' Then once again I said, 'P'tite Corinne! P'tite Corinne! Come home! come home! P'tite Corinne!' I could see the fight in the gaol of sleep; but at last he kill his gaoler; the doors in his brain flew open, and his mind come out through his wide eyes. But he was blind a little and dazed, though it was getting dark quick, and most of the light come from the white ice itself. I struck his back hard, and spoke loud from a song that we used to sing on the Chaudiere—Babiche and all of us—years ago. And that is the thing to call a man back to his senses—to speak to him out of his youth. *Mon Dieu!* how a man remembers those days!—"

"Which is the way that the sun goes?"

The way that my little one come.

Which is the good path over the hills?"

The path that leads to my little one's home—To my little one's home, m'sieu, m'sieu!"

"That did it. 'Corinne, ma p'tite Corinne!' he said; but he did not look at me—only stretch out his hands. I caught them and shook them, and shook him, and made him take a step forward; then I slap him on the back again, and said loud, 'Come, come, Little Babiche, don't you know me? See, Babiche, the snow's no sleeping-bunk, and a polar bear's no good friend.' 'Corinne!' he went on, soft and slow. 'Ma p'tite Corinne!' He smiled to himself; and I said, 'Where've you been, Babiche? Lucky I found you, or you'd have been sleeping till the Great Mass.' Then he look at me straight in the eyes, and something wild shot out of his. His hand stretch over and caught me by the shoulder, perhaps to steady himself, perhaps because he wanted to feel something human. Then he look round slow—all round the plain, as if to find something. At that moment a little of the sun crept back and looked up over the wall of ice, making a glow of yellow and red for a moment; and never, north

or south, have I seen such beauty, so lovely, so awful. It was like a world that its Maker had built in a fit of joy, and then got tired of and broke in pieces, and blew out all its fires, and left—ah, yes—like that! And out in the distance I—only—saw a bear moving east."

John Fawdor, whose mind, through so many years in Labrador, had been stored with the words of the Bible, said, slowly:

"And I took my staff Beauty, and cut it asunder, that I might break my covenant which I had made with all the people."

Pierre went on: "Yes—like that—Babiche turn to me with a little laugh, which was a sob too. 'Where is it, Pierre?' said he. I knew he meant the bear. 'Gone to look for another man,' I said with a gay air, for I saw that he was troubled. 'Come,' said he at once. 'Come and see.' As we went he saw my dogs. He stopped short and shook a little, and tears come into his eyes. 'What is it, Babiche?' I said. He look back toward the south. 'All my dogs—Brandy-wine, Come-along, Poleon, and the rest—died one night all of an hour. One by one they crawl over to where I lay in my fur bag, and die there, huddling by me—and such cries—such cries! There was poison or something in the frozen fish I'd given them. I loved them every one; and then there was the mails, the year's mails—how should they be brought on? That was a bad thought, for I had never missed—never in ten years. And there was one bunch of letters which the governor, John Fawdor, said to me was worth more than all the rest of the mails put together, and I was to deliver it at Fort St. Saviour, or not show my face to him again. I left the dogs there in the snow, and come on with the sled, carrying all the mails. Ah, the blessed Saints, how heavy the sled got, and how lonely it was! Nothing to speak to—no one, no thing, day after day. At last I go to cry to the dogs, 'Come-along, Poleon! Brandy-wine!' like that. I think I see them there, but they never bark and they never snarl, and they never spring to the snap of the whip. . . . I was alone. Oh, my head! my head! If there was only something alive to look at, besides the wide, white plain and the bare hills of ice and the sun-dogs in the sky! Now I was wild, next hour I was like a child, then I gnashed my teeth like a wolf at the sun, and at last I got on my knees. The tears froze my eyelids shut, but I kept saying, 'Ah, mon grand ami, mon Jésus, just something, something with the breath of life! Leave me not all alone!' I kept saying it, and saying it, over and over, and I got sleepier all the time. I was sinking, sinking, so quiet and easy, when all at once I felt something beside me; I could hear it breathing, but I could not open my eyes at first, for, as I said, the lashes were froze. Something touch me, smelt me, and a nose was push against my chest. I put out my hand ver' soft and touched it. I had no fear, I was so glad I could have hugged it, but I did not—I drew back my hand quiet and rub my eyes. In a little I could see. There stood the thing—a polar bear—not ten feet away, its red eyes shining. On my knees I spoke to it, talked to it, as I would to a man. It was like a great wild dog, fierce yet kind, and I fed it with the fish which had been for Brandy-wine and the rest—but not to kill it, and it did not die. That night I lay down in my bag—no, I was not afraid! And the bear lay beside me, between me and the sled. Ah, it was warm! Day after day we travel together, and camp together at night—ah, sweet Sainte Anne, how good it was, myself and the wild beast such friends, alone in the North! But today—a little while ago—something went wrong with me, and I got sick in the head—a swimming like a tide-wash in and out. I fell down—asleep. When I wake I found you here beside me—that is all. The bear must have drag me here."

Pierre stuck a splinter into the fire to light another cigarette, and paused as if expecting the governor to speak, but no word coming, he continued: "I had my arm around him while we talked and come slowly down the hill. Soon he stopped and said, 'This is the place.' It was a cave of ice, and we went in. Nothing was there to see except the sled. Babiche stopped short. It come to him now that his good comrade was gone. He turn back and look out and called, but there was only the empty night, the ice, and the stars. Then he come back, sat down on the sled, and the tears fall like a babe's. . . . I lit my spirit-lamp and made some coffee, soon there was some pemmican, and I tried to make him eat. No. He would only drink the coffee. At last he said to me, 'What day is this, Pierre?' 'It is the Day of the Great Birth, Babiche,' said I. He made the sign of the cross and was quiet, so quiet! but he smile to himself and kept saying in a whisper, 'Ma p'tite Corinne! Ma p'tite Corinne!' The next day we come on safe, and in a week I was back at Fort St. Saviour with Babiche and all the mails and that most wonderful letter of the governor's."

John Fawdor looked at Pierre searchingly, as

though to see if he meant to be ironical. "The letter was to tell a factor that his sick child was well," he responded, quietly. "Who was 'Ma p'tite Corinne,' Pierre?"

"His wife—in heaven; and his child—on the Chaudiere, monsieur the governor. The child came and the mother went on the same Day of the Great Birth. He has a soft heart—that Babiche!"

"And the white bear—so strange a thing!"

"Monsieur, who can tell? The world is young up here. When it was all young, man and beast were good comrades, maybe."

"Ah, maybe. What shall be done with Little Babiche, Pierre?"

"He will never be the same again on the old trail, monsieur!"

There was silence for a long time, but at last the governor said, musing, almost tenderly, for he never had a child: "Ma p'tite Corinne!—Little Babiche shall live near his child, Pierre. I will see to that."

Pierre said no word, but got up, took off his hat to the governor, and sat down again.

The Good Government Club System.

THE relation which the City Club and the Good Government Clubs of New York sustain to the work of municipal reform, and the conspicuous part they have played in awakening the public conscience and organizing the opposition to the lords of misrule, form an interesting chapter in our recent civic history. The City Club was started in the spring of 1892 by a dozen or more men actively interested in municipal reform, the main purpose being to provide a permanent and attractive meeting-place for those desirous of a better city government, which should have all the social features appertaining to a well-run social club, and thereby attract to the organization citizens not hitherto actively interested in the subject.

The project was first conceived by Mr. Boudinot Keith, who for several years had been actively engaged in municipal reform work. He laid the suggestion before several of his fellow-workers, among whom were Edmond Kelly, W. Harris Roome, James W. Pryor, and R. W. G. Welling. It was taken up at once by them with all the energy and enthusiasm that had characterized their work theretofore. A committee on organization was appointed. I had the honor of serving on that committee, and can therefore testify to the immense amount of time and labor expended in establishing the club and securing desirable members. The chief difficulty was the hopelessness and apathy engendered among even our best citizens by the defeat of the People's Municipal League in the previous municipal campaign. We were met everywhere by the objection that such an effort would be fruitless.

In spite of this the committee persevered, and finally secured five hundred signatures to an agreement to join the club when organized. Upon the strength of this the City Club was organized and incorporated. Among its first trustees were such representative citizens as James C. Carter, who was elected its president; W. Bayard Cutting, Professor J. H. van Amringe, R. Fulton Cutting, Henry E. Howland, Richard Watson Gilder, Frederic Bronson, J. Frederick Kernochan, and others as well known. Mr. Edmond Kelly, who had shown untiring energy and zeal in the work of starting the organization, was chosen secretary, and the club was launched at a crowded meeting of its members, in which many of New York's leading citizens participated.

This, however, was but the first step. Enthusiasm and a determination to drive the enemy from behind his intrenchments were all very well, but there was a long and severe struggle ahead, and organization was absolutely essential to ultimate victory. It was obvious that a social club representing mainly but one section of the community, and that the wealthier or "kid-glove" section, could not hope to engage in successful political warfare without the active support of all other sections. It was to be feared that the natural suspicion with which the average self-respecting citizen regards any attempt of his wealthier fellow-citizen to arrogate to himself superiority in leading or representing a citizens' movement would be aroused and jealousies kindled. This would alienate the sympathies and support of a large part of the voters. To meet this difficulty and create a compact organization which should be truly representative of all independent citizens without regard to their wealth or standing in the community, the Good Government Club system was inaugurated.

The intention was to locate, as far as possible, a Good Government Club in each Assembly district of the city. In March, 1893, the first club was organized in the Twenty-first Assembly District, with a membership of about four hundred and fifty. It was designated by the letter "A," and the dues were fixed at the

rate of fifty cents a month, and one dollar initiation fee. A comfortable club-house was opened on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street.

Other clubs soon sprang into existence in other districts of the city. When five of these clubs had been organized the next step was to bring them into closer relation with each other, in order that they might act in concert on matters affecting the whole city. With this end in view each of the five clubs appointed a conference committee to confer with similar committees from the others, and agree upon a scheme of federation which should be satisfactory to all.

The result of this conference was the formation of the "Confederated Good Government Clubs." A constitution was adopted, providing for the admission of new clubs into the confederation, the creation of a central council consisting of regularly-elected representatives from each club, and defining the powers of such council. Every club retained its autonomy as to local matters, but delegated to the council power to act in the name of the clubs upon all matters affecting the whole city. It was, however, expressly provided that the council should have no power to take action concerning nominations for municipal office, except through a duly-called convention of delegates, especially elected for that purpose from the several clubs in the confederation.

Prior to the formation of this confederation, however, the election of 1893 took place. The clubs did not then feel strong enough to take any part in the election of a city comptroller and district-attorney, but it was deemed very essential that wherever possible the clubs should throw the weight of their influence toward the election of Assemblymen pledged to protect the city of New York from partisan legislation, and obtain for it, if possible, some measure of home rule.

Accordingly, in four districts, Good Government Club candidates for the Assembly were put up. In two of these districts (the Eleventh and the Twenty-third) these candidates were accepted and nominated by the Republican organization. The result was a complete victory for the Good Government Club candidates and a defeat for Tammany Hall in those districts. The Good Government candidates were not as fortunate in the other two districts. The Republican organization in those districts refused to accept or indorse the Good Government candidates, and persisted in running candidates of their own in opposition. While the result of this refusal was a Tammany victory in those districts, in one (the Twenty-first Assembly District) the Good Government candidate, John Brooks Leavitt, ran such a close third as to demonstrate clearly the fact that had the Republicans accepted the overtures of the club and nominated a candidate acceptable to it, their victory would have been overwhelming. In this case the political defeat sustained by the Good Government Club became a moral victory for the principles of the club, and did as much, if not more, to strengthen the cause of Good Government than the victories in the other districts.

The two Good Government Club representatives in the Legislature, James R. Sheffield and Judson Lawson, were conspicuous for their courage and uprightness, and more than justified the hopes of their supporters. They stood out boldly for true municipal reform, and were in every way a credit to their party and the Good Government Clubs.

So soon as the political campaign was over, the energy of the Good Government Club members was directed toward strengthening the clubs already in existence and encouraging the formation of new ones. The confederation was formed as I have described above, and it at once set to work through its various standing committees to spread the Good Government Club idea throughout the city. Pending legislation affecting the city was carefully examined; the weight of the combined clubs was thrown in favor of such measures as the council approved of, and against such measures as it disapproved of. Delegations were sent to Albany in support of bills, such as the "mayor's power of removal bill," generally known as the "Sheffield bill," the Ballot-reform bill, the Rapid Transit bill, the Dock Department bill, and the bill allowing the city to retain all fees paid the sheriff.

In all this work the clubs acted in concert with the City Club, and materially strengthened the hands of that organization. The press of New York almost unanimously supported these efforts, and still continues to encourage and aid the clubs in their work.

After the close of the Legislative session the clubs turned their attention to preparing for the coming municipal campaign. Sixteen clubs had joined the confederation and more were organizing. It was felt that the public mind, aroused by the astounding disclosures brought about by the Lexow committee, was in a peculiarly receptive state, and fully prepared to

accept the doctrine of non-partisan city government as laid down by the Good Government Clubs. No unprejudiced citizen could deny that partisan politics lay at the root of most of the evils brought to light by Mr. Goff and Dr. Parkhurst. It required very little argument to persuade the average citizen that a municipal government entirely outside of party lines, and administered on business principles, was the surest and quickest way to reform. The Good Government Clubs stood for this principle; they were absolutely non-partisan so far as the parties were concerned. Democrats and Republicans could join the clubs and work for good city government without being called upon to sacrifice one particle of their allegiance to the platforms of their respective national parties. All that was required was adhesion to the principle that party affiliations ought not to be considered when voting for municipal candidates.

While preparing for campaign work several of the clubs undertook each to investigate the administration of some particular department of the city government. It is too early yet for any pronounced result of their investigation to have shown itself.

In the latter part of June a convention was held of all the Good Government Clubs in this city which had joined the confederation. A platform setting forth the essential principles of the clubs was adopted and an executive committee was appointed to carry on the work of preparing to take part in the campaign. The public demand for a union of all other organizations against Tammany Hall was so great that this committee endeavored to meet this demand by inviting the leaders of such organizations to a general conference. This conference demonstrated to the public that it would require tremendous pressure to induce the political organizations to sink their partisanship and selfish claims for the public good. The Committee of Seventy was accordingly organized for the express purpose of bringing this pressure to bear upon the organizations. This committee was made up of representative citizens, many of whom were members of some one or the other of the Good Government Clubs. The magnificent result of the Committee of Seventy's work is well known.

In several districts the Good Government Clubs nominated aldermen and Assemblymen as a means of still further emphasizing the principles for which they stand, and some of these were elected. Their organization being permanent, and founded on something more than a mere passing sentiment for reform, the clubs will be found constantly in the van, always ready to do battle for non-partisan city government and honest elections.

PREEBLE TUCKER,
Secretary of the Council of Confederated Good Government Clubs.

English Agriculture, Protection and Bimetallism.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, October 26th, 1894.

THE British farmer is certainly in a deplorable condition. Whether it is the free importation of wheat and flour and all kinds of food products, or whether it is the appreciation of the value of gold, or both causes combined, is difficult to say. The fact remains that he has about reached the end of his rope. I recently spent a few days in Norfolk, once the foremost agricultural county of England. Wheat is selling at 16s (\$3.84) per quarter of 504 pounds. Oats are being offered at 12s per quarter (\$2.88). You can buy farms in Norfolk for £10 or \$50 per acre. This includes good house, barn and other buildings. How these farmers can afford to pay rent is simply a mystery. It is generally conceded that British statesmen will soon have an English land question before them which will be more perplexing than the Irish land question.

Naturally you will ask what are the remedies proposed? Most of the British farmers I find are protectionists, and in favor of putting a duty on foreign agricultural products. There are others who believe bimetallism will relieve the present condition somewhat. The most valuable conversion to bimetallism is that of the Right Honorable Leonard Courtney. I remember meeting Mr. Courtney twelve years ago at a dinner of the London Political Economy Club. In appearance he reminded me of our own able bimetallist, Senator Allison, of Iowa. As I recall him he was a pronounced free-trader and a radical of radicals. His views have modified since then, and we now find him fighting side by side with Mr. Chamberlain in opposition to home rule for Ireland. Mr. Courtney was a member of the royal commission on gold and silver, and, unlike Mr. Balfour, signed the majority report favoring monometallism. The most significant point about Leonard Courtney's conversion is the fact that in England, while there is a strong growing sentiment

favoring bimetallism, it has not as yet crystallized into a demand, as with us. Nothing short of real honest conviction that he was wrong when he signed the gold and silver report and right now could have brought about this change. Mr. Courtney, like Mr. Balfour, is a man of great intellectual force, and his conversion must be regarded as a veritable Krupp gun in the armory of bimetallism.

In a pleasant interview, the other day, with the premier statistician of England, Robert G. Giffen, he frankly admitted that the bimetallists were gaining ground in England. Mr. Giffen may be said to be the personification of monometallism. He cannot see how it is possible for any sane person with a well-regulated mind to believe anything else. He contended that we shall never rehabilitate silver in the United States until the bankers and financiers demand it. In England, he said, the people who would really have influence in such matters would not even discuss it. Would not hear of it. Would not pay the slightest attention to it. This was the attitude of the money interests of England.

In the United States, Mr. Giffen admitted, there was an active demand for bimetallism, but he believed those who dealt in money the financial interests would be able, as in England, to control. I asked him what he thought of the bimetallic movement headed by General Francis A. Walker and the college professors generally. "That," said Mr. Giffen, "is a more serious matter with you than with us. The college professors would have no influence in such a matter here. Walker is a man of great ability, and is so recognized. The college professors in England, I grant, are largely 'gone' in this direction. We had Professor H. S. Foxwell before the commission, but I do not think what he said carried the slightest weight. He is the ablest of the bimetallists in England."

Nevertheless the good work is going on, and the silver question may unexpectedly be injected into English politics. The *Spectator*, referring to Mr. Courtney's conversion, says: "The conversion of a few bankers and men of business would rapidly bring the bimetallic proposal within the range of practical politics, and if it were once so brought, most other disputes which now divide men would at once give way before it. That would be a singular development of feeling in a country which believes itself strictly monometallist; but it is neither impossible nor improbable."

This is most significant. The same is precisely true in relation to free trade. England believes itself a free-trade country. And yet a strong protection wave might sweep the country, such is the condition of the farmers, and, for that matter, all wage-earners. In Norfolk I noticed this placard at the stations on the Great Eastern Railway:

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.
EMPLOY BRITISH LABOR.

And then, underneath, "Buy so-and-so's matches." This is beginning at the wrong end. England should first protect her important industries.

The "bloody shirt" continues to wave here in England, and every week the circulars of the Anti-Lynching Committee of London, England (Address, 13 Tavistock Square), seem to "draw" a Southern Governor or statesman. If one may judge by the several letters already published, the Southern Governors find it difficult to conceal their annoyance at being obliged to admit the existence of such brutal lawlessness. As a rule, nine-tenths of these letters are devoted to abuse of England's methods and refer to the bygone atrocities of the British and to the horror of "outside interference." The Governor of Alabama, swelling with the dignity and importance of his office, asks this committee what would be thought of a committee of Americans sending a similar letter to the Queen requesting official assurances of the falsity of alleged instances of cruelty in the British Empire? This question he answers himself by declaring that such an impertinence would be "deemed the work of diseased or ignorant minds, and wholly ignored!"

In this the Governor of Alabama is mistaken. No country in the world throws such safeguards around the life of its people as England. Those of our Southern Governors who refer to the England of half a century ago are only laughed at here. The England of to-day is essentially humane and law-abiding. After all his talk about law, life, and liberty he is obliged to admit that the charge of lynching in his State was true and then excuse it.

The effect of this crusade will be very damaging to the Southern States. No amount of swagger or of rhetorical retaliation will help the case. The English capitalist will not put his money in localities where lynching and mob violence are tolerated. ROBERT P. PORTER.

My Fiddle.

I've seen the band that marched about
The streets in Indian file,
A-tramping all their music out,
And it has made me smile
To see them play a tune whose sense
I've never found, unless
One-half was in the instruments,
The other in their dress.
The music's made too much of notes,
And lacks the life and ring
That makes a fellow feel his oats
And cut the pigeon-wing.
I've never seen a kind of band
That really pleased me so
Well as my corn-stalk fiddle and
My shoe-string bow.

Then there is the piano; that's
A great big long concern
With a Greek alphabet of flats
And sharps no one can learn;
There is too much of noise and din,
You cannot play at ease
And hug it up beneath your chin,
Or set it on your knees,
Or clasp your fingers round its throat
And press it to your ear
And listen to the silver note
That rises rich and clear.
And softly play with trembling hand
"John Anderson my jo,"
As on my corn-stalk fiddle and
My shoe-string bow.

Perhaps I did imagine! What's
That? It was sweeter than
The music that the day allots
To him who is a man;
And that is why, when drifting back
To childhood's mellow clime,
I find my hand is getting slack
In finishing this rhyme;
I seem to sit an idle lad,
And play to her whose eyes
Was all the music that I had,
And which the world denies;
So there, within that quiet land,
On willows bending low,
I've hung my corn-stalk fiddle and
My shoe-string bow.

ALONZO LEORA RICE.

South Carolina's New Governor.

THE Tillman movement in South Carolina has been the making, politically, of dozens of young men. Few of those who have supplanted the politicians of what is known in the Palmetto State as the "old régime" have passed middle life. This is especially illustrated in John Gary Evans, who has just been elected Governor.

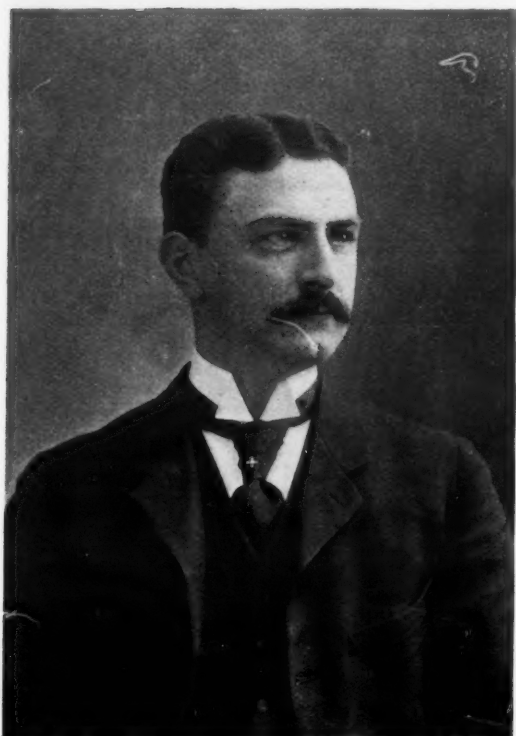
Mr. Evans will be not only the youngest chief executive that this State has had in many years, but probably the youngest in the United States. He has just passed his thirty-first birthday, having been born on the 15th of October, 1863, at Cokesbury, South Carolina.

Evans is a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, and a lawyer by profession. In 1888 he was elected to the lower house of the General Assembly, receiving the support of all political factions of the Democracy, and during his first term was not regarded a partisan "Tillmanite." Re-elected in 1890, when B. R. Tillman was elected Governor, he at once became an active leader of the "reformers." In 1892 Mr. Evans was elected to the State Senate, and his readiness, adroitness, and vehement aggressiveness as a debater at once placed him in the leadership of the reform majority in that body. In the session of 1892 he introduced and engineered to passage the "County Government bill," and the Dispensary bill. He was not the author of the latter law, but when, in the closing days of the session of 1892, it was offered as a compromise between the license advocates and the prohibitionists, it was largely due to his zeal and aggressive skill that it was whipped through against the efforts of an obstinate minority of filibusterers.

Mr. Evans has been Governor Tillman's constant adviser and abettor in carrying out the policy of "reform," especially in his efforts to enforce the Dispensary law, and out of this political intimacy came much of the strength which enabled him to defeat two strong competitors in the Tillmanite primaries, in which he carried twenty-seven out of thirty-five counties.

Socially the young Governor does not belong to that class who constitute the voting strength of the "Tillmanites," the "common people," as they persistently call themselves. His father was the late General N. G. Evans, an officer in the Confederate army, who has been conspicuous in affairs.

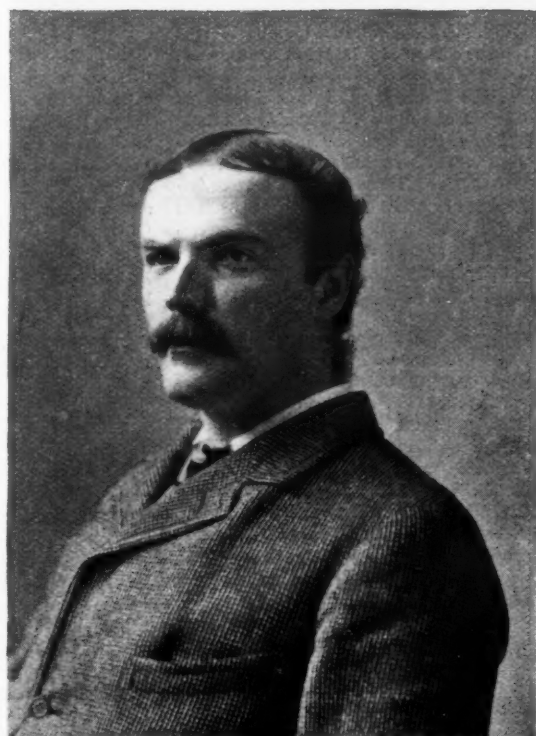
In politics the young Governor claims to be a strict Democrat, but also asserts his belief in the "Ocala" or Alliance demands, and argues that they are not inconsistent with the Chicago platform. He declares that he will enforce the Dispensary law to the letter. He is thoroughly detested by the anti-Tillmanites, who look upon him as a "fire-eater," full of bitterness toward them. They habitually speak of him as a Populist. W. W. B.



W. HARRIS ROOME, PRESIDENT GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUB A.



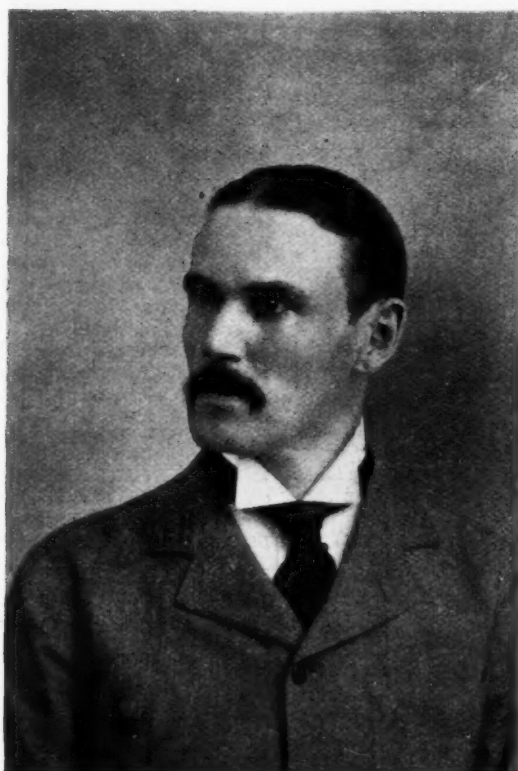
THE CITY CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE, THE ORIGINAL ORGANIZATION.



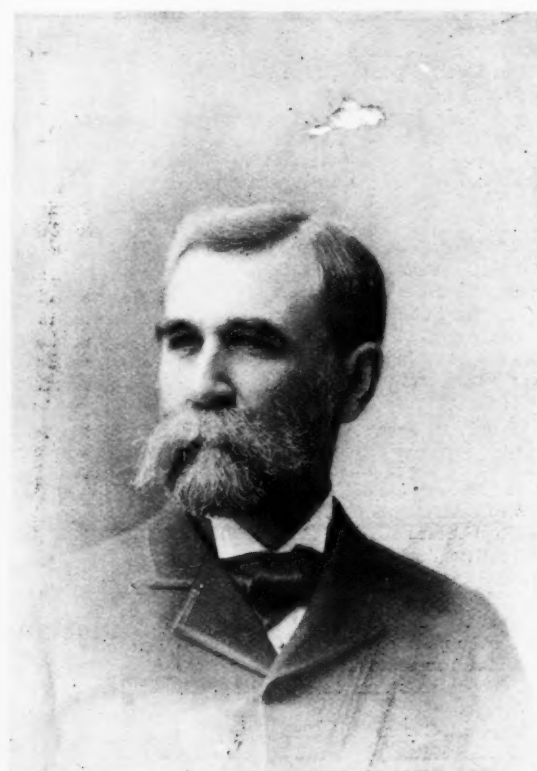
PREBLE TUCKER, SECRETARY OF COUNCIL OF CONFEDERATED CLUBS.



EDMOND KELLY, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE CITY CLUB.



CHARLES TABER, SECRETARY OF CLUB D.



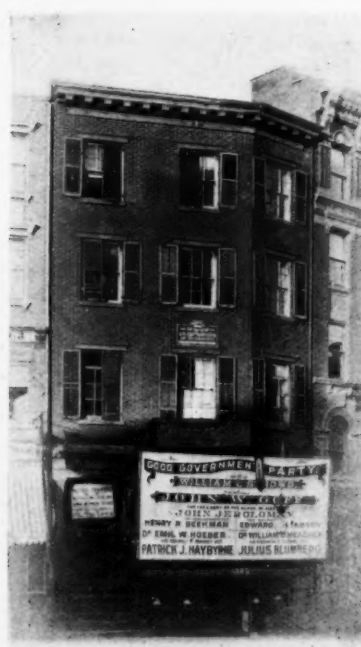
J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF CONFEDERATED GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUBS.



HOUSE OF CLUB A, TWENTY-FIRST ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.



JULIUS BLUMBERG, PRESIDENT GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUB X.



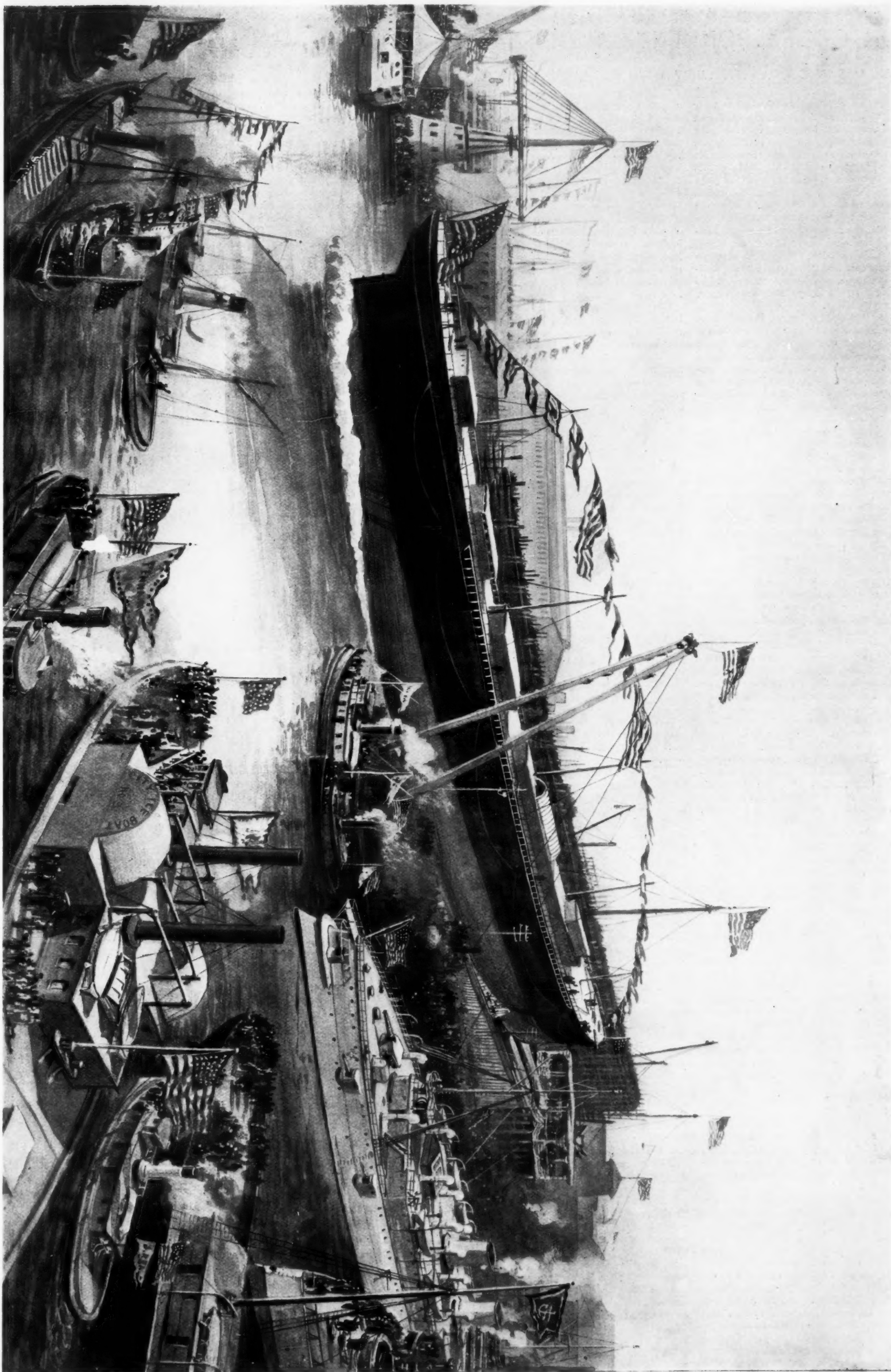
CLUB-HOUSE, CLUB X, ON CANAL STREET.



BOUDINOT KEITH, ORIGINATOR OF THE CITY CLUB.

MUNICIPAL REFORM IN NEW YORK.

THE WORK OF THE GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUBS IN THE RECENT CAMPAIGN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 326.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE "ST. LOUIS," THE PIONEER SHIP OF THE NEW AMERICAN LINE, AND THE LARGEST STEAMSHIP EVER BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY, AT CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD, PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12TH.
DRAWN BY F. CHESON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 352.]

OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE EAST.

AFFAIRS IN COREA—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING'S FATHER.

SEOUL, COREA, October 9th.—After their victory at Ping Yang the Japanese army began to move northward toward Wi Ju and the Manchurian frontier, where the Chinese are expected to give battle. Though the distance is barely one hundred and twenty-five miles it is not expected that any fighting will take place before the 20th instant. The main body of the army remained in Ping Yang until after the 26th of September, waiting the additional troops coming with the new commander-in-chief, Marshal Yamagata. As I have already explained, in a mountainous country like Corea, where no roads or bridges are to be found, where artillery, ammunition, provisions, etc., have to be carried by men, the army cannot travel more than five miles a day.

Knowing that nothing important would take place for some time, I left Ping Yang on the 25th of last month to come to Seoul, the capital, with an idea of seeing what was going on here and what reforms were being introduced. After a hard journey—made still harder by a severe attack of malaria and of dysentery at the same time—I managed to reach Chemulpo on a transport conveying wounded officers and soldiers. I came from there to Seoul in a chair, or palanquin, carried by Coreans. There was no sign of war along here, except the Japanese military posts which were met every few hundred yards. These soldiers are on the most friendly terms with the Coreans, treat them kindly, never stealing a thing from them, but buying at three times its value what they need. This is the best year the farmers have had for ten years, the crop being one of the largest on record. I cannot understand the reports sent abroad that the people here were starving. They never had so much. Of course wherever the Chinese have passed they have sacked everything, but they were soon followed by the Japanese, and the presence of these is of incalculable benefit to the Coreans, who are engaged to carry loads, do different kinds of work, and are paid for it sums of money which to them seem a small fortune. They get more in working a few hours for the Japanese than they have ever had for a whole week's hard work before.

Seoul is nearly surrounded by immense rough, wild mountains, and its approaches defended by a great, high, stone wall. The city is composed of narrow, dirty streets—paths rather than streets—bordered by small houses composed only of a ground floor. The streets are so narrow that it is a wonder the chair can go through, and one can easily touch the walls on both sides. Children, many of whom are naked and all without exception black and dirty, play in the mud, together with dogs and pigs. The Coreans are tall and well-built men, many of them looking a great deal bigger than their houses. Their costume is composed of enormously wide trousers, *à la zouave*, the ends of which are tucked into socks thickly padded with cotton, and of a small jacket over which they wear a long coat. They are always dressed in white, the material being fine Chinese silk for the officials or the wealthy, cotton for the others. They have the strangest, funniest, largest hats I ever saw. The women of the low class walk about, often carrying babies on their backs. They wear wide trousers, a skirt over them, and a very short jacket not entirely covering their breasts. Their clothes are always white. A few women of the middle class are to be met, but over their white dresses they wear a long coat, generally green, which they put over their heads, so that it is impossible to see their faces. Women of the higher class only go out in closed chairs.

Our minister (Mr. Sill, of Detroit,) kindly offered me a room at the legation (there are no hotels in Seoul)—a lovely room, with a large bed, the mere sight of which gave me unbounded pleasure. It was seventeen days since I had slept in a bed!

Everything in Seoul is quiet. A wild excitement prevailed as long as it was feared that the Chinese might come, but now that they have been totally expelled from Corea every one is rejoicing. As is known, when the war broke out and the Japanese took possession of Seoul, it was suggested by them that the King's father, Tai Wan Kun, be called to the palace to help him by his advice. The King was altogether too kind and too weak to face such grave events. His father, on the contrary, is not only one of the ablest men in Corea, but known also for his courage and energy. The people have the greatest confidence in him. He is really governing Corea at the present time, and is undoubtedly the most interesting figure here.

I was anxious to see him, so immediately

after my arrival in Seoul I asked for an audience, a most difficult favor to obtain. But the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will perhaps remember that some three years ago I visited Asia as a commissioner for the World's Fair and was at the time most charmingly received by the King. I spent then a whole evening at the palace, showing him, the Queen, and the Crown Prince hundreds of views of the United States and of the buildings of the proposed World's Fair by means of a powerful magic lantern. It was for them a new, delightful, interesting, and amusing experience. I felt quite sure it had not been forgotten at the palace, and I was not mistaken, for two days later the audience was granted.

The palace is composed of a hundred different buildings, occupied by the government offices, the State's ministers, the royal household, the princes, and the King. Immense stone walls surround it, and the gates are guarded by the King's body guards, armed with modern rifles. I was at once taken to the private reception-room of his Highness, who, upon seeing me, quickly rose to welcome me. He is now seventy-four years old, but hardly looks more than fifty. Tall, broad, rather stout, he is indeed a fine-looking man. His manners are kind and graceful, while the expression of his face is undoubtedly that of strength and energy. His dress was of the finest white silk, and around it he wore a wide sash beautifully embroidered with gold. He came forward to meet me, and taking my hand in both his led me to a chair near his own. He offered me a cigar, and expressed his delight at being able to speak with the only foreigner who was at Ping Yang at the time of the great battle. He asked me a thousand questions about it, and made me draw a plan showing the positions of the different detachments. Of course he had heard a great deal about the battle, but from Japanese, and he thought these had altogether too much interest in the matter to be fully trusted. He was simply disgusted with the poor showing of the Chinese. I had then quite a long talk with him on the state of affairs in Corea, and learned that all the officials and court people (except the Mings, of course, who have fled to China) are in favor of Japan and of prompt reforms. They are all grateful to that country, and feel quite certain that the Japanese only wish their good. A council of eighteen of the ablest men in Corea, who have all been abroad or to Japan, has been organized to introduce the necessary reforms, with the help of a few foreign advisers and of the Japanese officials.

His Highness is a great admirer of America, and entertains the most friendly feelings toward our new minister, Mr. Sill, who is undoubtedly the most popular of all the foreigners in Seoul. The day after our interview his Highness paid an official visit to the American legation, and this with the greatest ceremony. He came in a magnificent chair, preceded by soldiers of the royal guard, eunuchs, chamberlains, masters of ceremonies, state officials, etc. A big green umbrella was carried in front of his chair.

At the time my interview with him came to an end another high official came into the room and told me that he was brother of the King and the minister of the royal household. He came to say that his Majesty remembered me well, and would have been glad to see me had he not been seriously indisposed and obliged to remain in his room. He was anxious, however, to hear the details of the battle. So I told the whole story over to the minister of the household, who went to repeat it to the King, and to show him my plan. He soon returned with the thanks of his Majesty, and once more the expression of his regret at being unable to see me. He added that should I remain in Seoul four or five days more his Majesty would surely send for me. Dozens of officials had been listening to my account.

Every one here, with the exception of the English, approves of Japan's course in the present difficulty, and says that had not the Japanese met the aggressions of the Chinese in Corea, the King's government would not have lived three months longer, and Corea would have been torn by the horrors of revolution. The English alone, far from approving, are bitterly against Japan. They refuse to open their eyes and see the good done; they will not even believe in Japan's victories. When I arrived not one of them believed the Japanese had taken Ping Yang. But I am quite sure they believed me when I told them that for five nights I had slept on the silk blankets of the Chinese general. I took much pleasure, I must say, in showing them three Chinese flags, two uniforms of the mounted imperial guards, and other

spoils taken on the battle-field and given to me by General Natzu, commander-in-chief of the Japanese army.

A romance could be written about all the things which have happened of late around the palace at Seoul—a romance that many people would refuse to believe. Every possible influence was used to enable the Mings and the Chinese to maintain their influence. They went so far as to use an old sorceress in working upon the weak-minded King. This woman was represented to be a descendant, in direct line, of a famous Chinese general who, some centuries ago, successfully defended Corea against an invasion from Japan. She pretended to be in communication with the spirit of the general, and to receive from him information as to what the King should do. She gained an immense influence over the sovereign and induced him to make laws and edicts which brought frightful suffering among the people.

The council of eighteen, which is now working upon the reforms, meets every other day, and has already done many good things. Among these reforms I notice:

"Yangbans (nobles) and common people shall be put on the same footing before the law."

"Slavery of all kinds to be abolished."

"If a man commits any crime no punishment of any kind shall be inflicted on account of his crime upon any members of his family."

"Police department must be thoroughly reorganized."

"Examination and regulation of the affairs of the internal revenue and finance must be instituted in order to provide funds for conducting the government."

"All moneys and revenues belonging to or due the government to be collected as soon as possible, and placed under charge of the finance department."

"In every magisterial district a council shall be organized, to be composed of old and experienced men, one to be selected from each precinct in the district, such selections to be made by elections held by the males residing in the district, who shall vote by ballot. The council shall advise with regard to the civil affairs of the district, and the magistrate shall listen to them and be governed by their advice."

"A certain number of intelligent young men who have a good Korean education shall be selected and sent abroad to study in foreign countries."

"The various departments will have foreigners for their advisers."

"It appearing that in many cases governors and other officials have taken by force from the owners property, such as farms, timber lands, and houses, without making any compensations, or at least making very inadequate compensations, it is advised that any person who has been thus defrauded and deprived of his property within the last ten years shall send a petition to this council, setting forth the facts and supported by written statements of two witnesses who have personal knowledge of the facts, and the council shall examine into the matter, and if the claim of the petition be established by clear proof the property will be restored to the rightful owner. If any false complaints are made the complainant will be punished."

Among the many decisions of the council I notice a strange one which will, moreover, prove the truth of what I wrote about the sorceress woman. It reads as follows:

"The offender, Min Yong Chun, who wielded the great power he possessed most improperly, deceiving his Majesty and grievously oppressing the people, and the sorceress woman, mother of Kim Chang Yal, who, falsely claiming to be able to communicate with the spirits, thus obtained edicts to be issued which resulted in great harm to the people and caused many grievous acts to be committed under the name of the law, have not yet been punished, and a great clamor has been raised by the dissatisfied people because they have not been punished. Therefore this man and woman should be brought before the courts of justice and punished for their many crimes."

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

The Season's Record in Fast Racing.

PHILADELPHIA has never taken kindly to real race-horses, but trotting and pacing contests have always been popular in that good city and its neighborhood. They were to have wound up the season of sport there with a regular trotting carnival, as all the greatest stars in the trotting world were engaged to go during the week of the elections against the established records. But these races had in a great measure to be abandoned, as the rain for three days fell in such torrents that all hope of a fast track was given up. "Time" therefore won without any contest whatever.

The season that was to have closed so brilliantly in Philadelphia, but which ended without any formal ringing down of the curtain, began with the record of Nancy Hanks, 2.04, at the head of the list. This record had stood for some time, and many were of opinion that Mr. Forbes's mare had reached the limit of trotting speed. But the performances of other trotters and pacers during the season show that this was not so, as Alix trotted a mile in a quarter of a second less, and Robert J. has paced a mile in 2.01½, which beat Mascot's record by two and a half seconds. Pacing has always been

considered a faster gait than trotting, and the record for it was always lower till Nancy Hanks fixed it at 2.04, than which till this year no pacer had gone faster. Now the trotters have another mark to aim at, and sanguine horse-men make no doubt that in a little while—that is, in a season or so—the trotting record will be where the pacing record now is.

But an even more wonderful record than this of Robert J. or that of Alix was made in the last part of September by a pacer at Chillicothe, in Ohio. There Flying Jib with a running mate went a mile in 1.59½. So here a horse in harness got before the two-minute mark, which for ten years past has been the far-away dream of the breeders and trainers and drivers of trotting-horses. The most surprising thing, however, about these phenomenal harness horses is that they are not merely individual freaks, but in nine cases out of ten are the result of scientific breeding—the mating of sires and dams to produce definite kinds of horses. And these breeders are successful. Twenty years ago the horses that could either trot or pace a mile in less than two minutes and twenty seconds were very rare. Now there are a great many of them. Indeed, there are more who can go in 2.10 or better than there were 2.20 horses a dozen years ago. That the two-minute trotter will be bred in less than ten years seems to be certain. With the improvement of the bicycle and the development of electrical power the horse has two mechanical rivals of much importance. But so long as the horse can be so improved by breeding and training that the limit of his speed and endurance cannot be said to be reached, the interest in the horse will be maintained, and he will continue to share with the dog the first place in the affection of mankind.

The Launch of the "St. Louis."

THE launch of the American line steamship *St. Louis* at the Cramps' ship-yard, Philadelphia, on the 12th instant, means practically nothing more and nothing less than the beginning of the restoration of the American flag to the high seas. With the exception of the *Campania* and *Lucania* the *St. Louis* is the largest modern steamship ever built. By the special law admitting the *New York* and *Paris* to American registry the American company was required to build two vessels of equal or greater tonnage within a certain time. The *St. Louis*, named in honor of Missouri's metropolis, is the first of these two new ships, and the *St. Paul*, already well advanced in construction and a duplicate of the *St. Louis*, is soon to be afloat.

These splendid specimens are to be of about eleven thousand tonnage. Each is to be 536 feet long on the water line, ten feet more than the *Paris* or *New York*; each is to be 63 feet broad, the same width as the *Paris* and *New York*; each will have a capacity for carrying 1,420 passengers, 320 of the first class, 200 of the second class, and 900 of the third class. The cost, a matter of private concern, will be about two million dollars.

Had any one asserted seriously, even as late as the appearance of the *New York* and *Paris*, that it would be possible to build such vessels in this country, and entirely of American manufacture from truck to keelson, he would have been laughed at. We were turning out some very fair naval cruisers of about half that size, but it would have seemed absurd to have made such an enormous stride at once in ship-building.

The fact of the matter is that to ex-Secretary Tracy of the navy belongs the honor, if to any one man special distinction may be given, of having made this stride in ship-building possible. General Tracy insisted on the construction of first-class armored cruisers and battle-ships, and asserted, after conference with the Messrs. Cramp, that they could be built here. Congress came to his support and the Cramps proved their word, and we turned out such naval vessels as had never been built anywhere. The step to the construction of passenger ships of the highest grade was simple and a mere matter of course, so far as construction went.

The far-reaching result of the construction of the new navy is seen, therefore, at a glance. It meant much more than the defense of the American flag. It meant, as has been pointed out in these columns frequently, the extension of American commerce, directly and indirectly. It meant the restoration of American prestige and the declaration of complete industrial independence.

And not the least significant fact of the construction of this ship is that it is a magnificent addition to the auxiliary fleet of the navy. With the *New York*, *Paris*, *St. Louis*, and *St. Paul* in commission, this country in time of war could use them for offensive and defensive purposes, and supply a need, especially in transportation, that a dozen actual war-ships could not furnish. The *St. Louis* is worth millions of dollars, therefore, to this country in more

senses than one, and its launch is a national event of the highest importance.

The outlines of the ship and her outward equipment are to be seen in the illustration on another page. Like the *Campania* and *Lucania*, and in accordance with the most recent designs for the large ocean-going passenger-boats, she has only two smoke-pipes. In machinery, however, the *St. Louis* will be a distinct advance on anything afloat. It is probable that two finer marine engines were never built than those that will propel this ship. A great advance in two or three years in this department of ship-building has been made. These engines will be lighter but much stronger and more powerful than those of the *Paris* and *New York*, and of course the speed will be greater. It is even within the range of possibilities that the speed may approach that of the *Lucania*, a much larger and more powerful ship.

Finally, the appearance of the *St. Louis* means the ultimate appearance of the ideal passenger-ship, the largest and most powerful that can be brought into New York harbor with safety. We are nearer to the possibilities of the construction of such a vessel than we were five years ago to the construction of a vessel like the *St. Louis*.

When the "ideal ship" appears it is safe to say she will be American-made, and it is also safe and conservative to say that she will beat all creation. The record of American ship-building justifies this statement.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

OUR PLAYERS

Vaudeville and Spectacle.

THE stage has, like other arts, frequent great periods of deterioration. It was so in the early part of this century, the chroniclers tell us, in England, where the theatres were overrun with dancing-girls, ballad-singers, and inane jokers. To-day the whole theatrical world is suffering from a low type of vaudeville and spectacle fever, which threatens the very existence of the patient. What causes this depraved theatrical taste? Some people tell us it is because the people have such a serious struggle in real life that they do not care to live over again in the theatre their own woes and troubles. There is a good deal in this, but if you analyze an audience at a vaudeville or spectacular show you cannot help noticing that the vast majority are young people who cannot, in the nature of the case, know much about the tribulations of this life; whereas plays like "The Bauble Shop" and "Camille" have been attended in large numbers by people who have lived long enough to know what real life is. No matter what the cause, it is such stage entertainments as "The Gaiety Girl," "Little Christopher Columbus," and "Humpty Dumpty" that have drawn crowds of delighted audiences since their initial performances.

"The Gaiety Girl" has been disporting herself at Daly's Theatre for many weeks, and turning money away every evening. And why? you will ask. Yes, the women are pretty, and of course a type new to most Americans, and some of them are clever, notably Juliette de Nesville, who plays a French maid as only a Frenchwoman can, and Cissy Fitzgerald, whose dancing really rivals that "poetry of motion" of which we hear so much and see so little. There are other dancers, but they are simply kickers. Miss Fitzgerald in her *pas de seul* is worth the price of admission alone. The Misses Blanche Massey, Maud Hobson, Grace Palotta, Decima Moore are all good to look at, and succeed in doing very little without offending the proprieties. Some of the men are good comedians of the music-hall variety, particularly Mr. Henry Monkhouse, who, however, offends frequently in the direction of coarseness. Mr. Fred. Kaye, as *Major Barclay*, is excellent; so, too, is Mr. Leedham Banlock as *Sir Lewis Grey*, and Mr. Bradfield as *Bobby Rivers*. Mr. Ryley has a fair voice which he forces dreadfully, but has some ideas of acting, which atones in a measure for other delinquencies. "What is the piece about? What is the plot?" Well, really, I don't believe the author knows—how should the critic?

"Little Christopher Columbus," over at the Garden Theatre, is another London importation. They do not know the ecstatic delicacy of "clam chowder" over there, but if ever there was a theatrical "clam chowder" perpetrated upon a long-suffering public, it is this. "Ed" Rice is the cleverest man in the world in putting on a spectacle and gathering a lot of stage beauties about him, but even his fertile resources are overtaxed to make anything out of "Little Chris." And yet they do say it found favor in London. Well, for that matter, so did "The Transgressor," after which we are willing to believe anything can "catch on" in "dear old Lunnion." Nevertheless the specialty people are amusing—that is, some of them. As for the

story of "Chris," I understand the management have offered a reward to any one who can discover it.

As to the "Liliputians," not even a bad piece could dim the genuine artistic qualities with which these little folks are endowed. "Humpty Dumpty," this year's vehicle, is more of a spectacle than "Ein Posse mit Gesang," but it is superbly staged and costumed, and, with what Franz Eberts, Adolf Zink, Toni Meister, Ludwig Merkel, and Bertha Gaeger are capable of in fun-making, makes up a highly enjoyable stage entertainment. Any one of our comedians could take lessons in the art of real acting from Eberts and Zink.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETE

THE TRENTON FOOT-BALL GAME.

THE present foot-ball season has been full of surprises, but the victory of the University of Pennsylvania over Princeton is the most striking one which has yet developed. And yet there is no reason for such utter astonishment; Pennsylvania has more foot-ball material than Princeton to select from, and ought to develop as good an eleven, provided the Philadelphia men know as much about the game. That point seems to have been settled once for all. As the Trenton game went on it seemed as if Captain Trenchard must have something which he was keeping for use in a critical moment, but crises came and went and still Princeton showed nothing new. At last it became evident that the New Jersey eleven was hopelessly beaten, and beaten on the merits of the play. The score, 12 to 0, does not show the extent of the defeat. Only by the narrowest margin did Pennsylvania fail to score twice in the first half, and the fact that the ball throughout the game was almost continuously in Princeton territory shows that the victory was deserved.

An attempt has been made to put the first Pennsylvania touch-down as an accident, but there is no reason for such an opinion. The Pennsylvania forwards were breaking through all the time, and the chance which Williams finally took advantage of was bound to come, sooner or later.

The playing of the Princeton eleven was a great disappointment to those who saw almost the same men defeat Yale in New York last Thanksgiving Day, but it largely bears out the assertions of those who have always said that if Yale had not been tired out by the Harvard game on the preceding Saturday, Princeton would never have won. The New Jersey eleven this fall is certainly not in championship form, as has constantly been maintained in these columns, and there are several good reasons for the defeat at Trenton.

In the first place the Princeton coaches, players, and supporters generally were very much too confident. The men in the rush-line had not at Trenton recovered from the Yale game of the year before, and they never for a moment thought that University of Pennsylvania could bring up forwards who would make an impression on the line which had beaten back Yale. This over-confidence was the prime cause of Princeton's Waterloo.

The Princeton rush-line was outplayed by Pennsylvania, man for man. Riggs proved a poor successor to Balliet, and was very weak in almost every point of play. Wheeler did not begin to be a match for Wharton, who played in that game as well as any guard for years has. He tackled in the line and he tackled at the end of the line—in fact, he is the most aggressive guard since Heffelfinger. Taylor, Lea, and Holly did not live up to their reputations, and Trenchard gave the poorest exhibition of end-playing which has been seen in a big game for many years. Smith made a much better showing, and the two Pennsylvania ends left him far behind. Poe was a very bad quarter-back under any circumstances, and coming after King, the contrast was still more marked than it would have been under other circumstances. Poe passed slowly, was of no use as an interferer, and could not catch punts. The other Princeton backs were not successes. Morse and Ward did fairly well, but neither would be considered more than an ordinary player at New Haven or Cambridge, where backs have always grown in abundance. Cochran was a failure. He could not kick, and was equally bad as a ground-gainer through the line. With a weak line and poor backs, no wonder that Princeton had to suffer defeat.

The Pennsylvania eleven was one of the most evenly developed teams which has been seen for some time. Every man on the team seemed capable of playing well. Brooke proved himself the best punting full-back in any college team to-day, and if a captain had to choose between Brooke and Butterworth to make up a team, he would be in a quandary. Brooke's kicking did as much as any one thing to defeat Princeton. Bull, Wharton, and Woodruff outplayed the men opposite them, and Williams played the

best game at quarter-back seen this year. He passed quickly, got in the interference and tackled beautifully. Knipe was a power as an interferer and on the defense, although he did not gain as much ground as some of the others. Gelbert, on the end, proved to be simply another running half-back, and during the second half he made more gains than all the backs together. Rosengarten played a strong game on the other end of the line and tackled beautifully.

The only new play shown in the game was the tandem on tackle which gained so much for Pennsylvania. In this formation both guards went back with the regular backs, and three of the men formed in a tandem with the other two acting, in a way, as outriders. At different times the ball was given to almost every one of the five men, and the mass was directed against one of the Princeton tackles. It seldom failed to gain ground. Princeton made a failure of a new play. The intention was, evidently, to get the backs started and just at the rush-line when the ball was put in play, but every time it was tried the backs got to the line too soon and were off-side, or else the ball was passed slowly and one of the runners had to wait for it so long that he was tackled behind his own line.

THE HARVARD-PENNSYLVANIA GAME.

The Harvard-Pennsylvania game which is to be played at Manheim is now a more important contest than the Yale-Princeton game in New York on the following Saturday. No one thinks Princeton will win from Yale, but there are many who believe Pennsylvania can defeat Harvard, and there are grounds for this belief. Unless Harvard improves within the next two weeks she will certainly be beaten, especially if Yale wins the Springfield game. Harvard will have but five days rest after meeting Yale before the Thanksgiving Day contest, while Pennsylvania has had but one game since the Trenton victory. Everything will be against Harvard except probably that the University of Pennsylvania team has deteriorated and will become still weaker before the Harvard game.

THE HARVARD AND YALE ELEVENS.

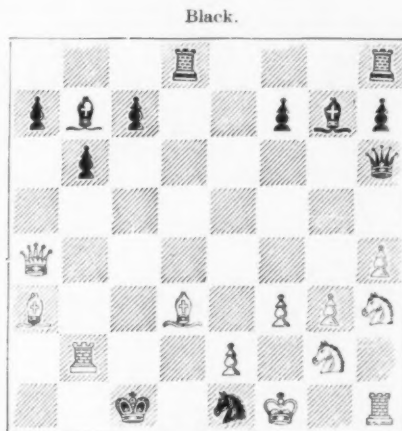
There is still some little doubt in regard to the make-up of the Harvard and Yale elevens for their great game at Springfield. Yale will have exactly the same line as she had last year: Hinkey, left end; Murphy, left tackle; McCrea, left guard; Stillman, centre; Hickok, right guard; Beard, right tackle; Greenway, right end. Adey will play quarter-back again, and Thorne and Butterworth will fill their old positions back of the line. If De Witt recovers from his indisposition in time he will be the other back, but if he does not it looks now as though Armstrong, who has been tried at quarter-back and also at half, might once more be on the eleven. Armstrong is not nearly as good a ground-gainer as De Witt, although very strong on the defensive. This is a veteran team for Harvard's new men to meet. The Cambridge eleven will be: Emmons, left end; Hollowell or Manahan, left tackle; Mackie, left guard; F. Shaw, centre; J. N. Shaw, right guard; Waters, right tackle; A. Brewer, right end. Wrenn will play quarter-back, and the two halves will be C. Brewer and Wrightington. Either Fairchild or Dunlop, probably the former, will be full-back. If one can form an estimate of the strength of two teams from the names of the players and the knowledge of what they have done in earlier years, it is perfectly safe to name Yale as the winner of the Springfield game and the champion team of the country.

John Mervill.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM BY S. LOYD.



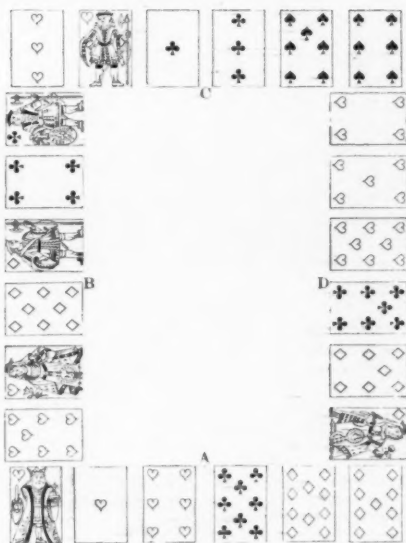
White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above position, which is so often republished incorrectly, is the author's favorite two-mover, and to such as it is new will prove a tough nut to crack.

Whist Practice.

THE following masterpiece by Mr. Harry A. Jones, the noted mathematician, is the hand from which a previous problem was evidently borrowed. We offer a book to every one who can master this problem.



Spades trumps. A leads, and with his partner C, takes all six tricks.

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MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

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THE LILIPUTIANS.



ADOLF ZINK AS THE BLACKSMITH.



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"Who is it?"



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LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



DECIMA MOORE.



BLANCHE MASSEY.
THE GAIETY GIRL.



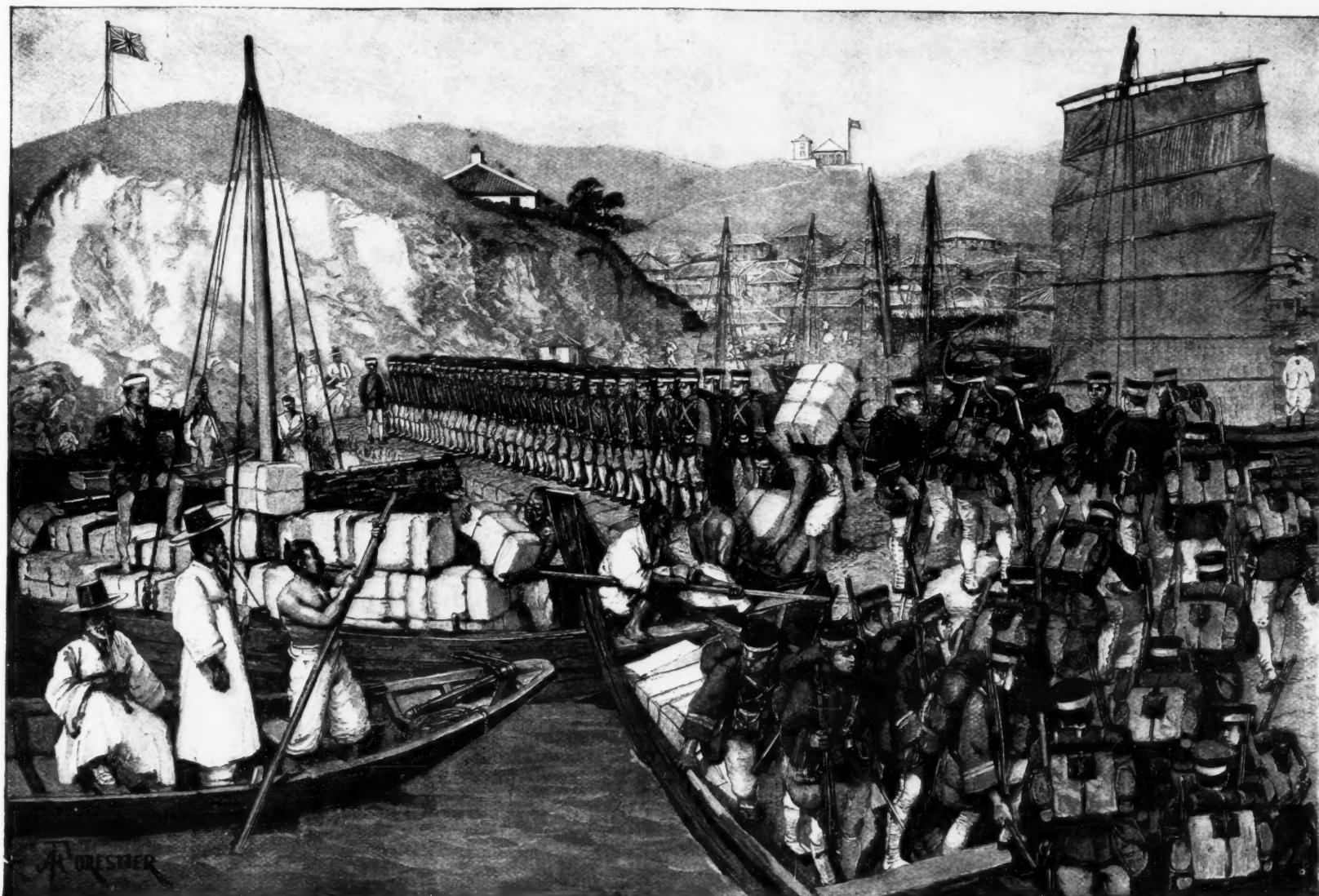
GRACE PALOTTA.



PRINCE HOHENLOHE, THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR.
Illustrated London News.



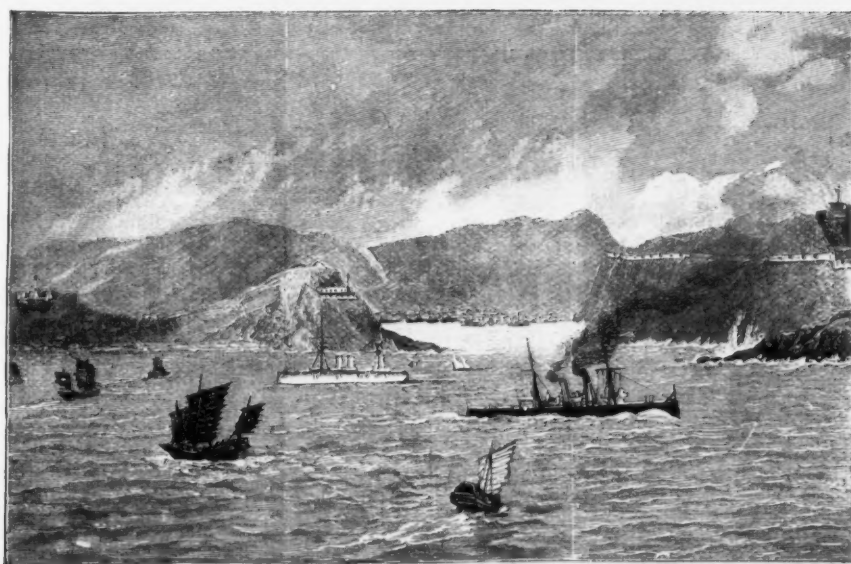
THE EAST GATE OF THE SACRED CITY OF MOUKDEN, CHINA.—*London Graphic.*



JAPANESE TROOPS LANDING AT CHEMULPO, COREA.—*Illustrated London News.*



CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF THE KING OF COREA—CHARACTERISTIC SPORTS.
London Graphic.



VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR, CHINA'S GREAT NAVAL STATION, CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE.
London Graphic.

OBVIOUS FACT.

SHE—"Why is New York City like electricity?"
He—"Give it up."
She—"Because it begins at the Battery."
Judge.

THE AUTUMN CROP.

VAN DORN—"Why did Highflyer look so depressed this morning?"
Jelleyby—"Why, he called on Mabel Million last night and found Miss Dollars and Miss Banks both there."
Van Dorn—"Well?"
Jelleyby—"Why, you see he's engaged to all of them."
Judge.

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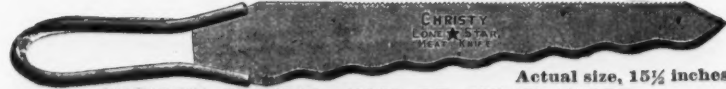
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